

# The Oxford County Citizen

VOLUME XVIII—NUMBER 10,

BETHEL, ME.—RUMFORD, ME., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1912.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

## HISTORICAL.

Gleanings Here, There  
and Everywhere,

But Mostly In Oxford County

BY LEONARD B. CHAPMAN.

(9) Augustus Jedediah Burbank was the sixth child of Jedediah and Frances (Brown) Burbank, born at Bethel, March 5, 1829. He prepared for college at the Bethel School Academy, and graduated from Bowdoin in 1849 at the age of 20 years and three months, in a class of 23 members, among whom was Robert Richardson Thompson, A. M., of Rumford, and Joseph Williamson of Bethel, the historian, whose father wrote a history of Maine—a very useful reference book.

After graduation from college he taught at St. Albans, Me., at Lee and Dennyville academies. He then engaged in mercantile pursuits at Hartland, Portland and Lewiston. He enlisted in the war of the States and after raising a company was commissioned, October 31, 1861, Captain of Company C, of the First Maine Cavalry and took an active part on the battlefield, but the labor and exposure was too severe for him and he was obliged to tender his resignation which was accepted August 14, 1862. He then removed to Iowa, then to Illinois, engaging in farming in both places, settling finally in Chicago in 1879 where he engaged in the real estate business which he conducted successfully until his retirement in 1893. He departed from this life suddenly of heart disease in the city of his adoption, January 24, 1901, aged 71 years. His wife was Miss Harriet E., a daughter of Dr. Calvin and Louisa Haskell Blake of Hartland, Me. Dr. Blake was born in Turner, Sept. 5, 1795, and was a medical graduate of Bowdoin, class of 1824, who died Oct. 8, 1879, having for a class associate Ezekiel Holmes, the founder of the Maine Farmer, Dr. Nathaniel T. True and Dr. Wm. B. Lapham occupying the chair editorial of the journal, still in existence at Augusta. Mr. Burbank's wife bore him no children and at the latest of ages (1909) was hale and hearty.

(10) Abner Little, sixth and last child of Esquire Burbank was born Oct. 18, 1831. He is still in active business. His grocery ware shop is located at No. 343 Middle Street, Portland, and he resides at 315 Spring street. He waits upon customers with the speed and alacrity of youth, going up stairs, as I have before expressed it, two treads at a bound, to the second story shop rooms. He retains a lively interest in the town of Bethel in his institutions and people individually; in fact he holds the title to the Little Clark-Burbank farm where parks were used in place of boards in covering the house frame in the long ago. It is the first farm after crossing the railroad bridge towards West Bethel, or the second farm eastward from the steam mill—between the highway and the Androscoggin river; next eastward, over the brook stand the West Parish Congregational meeting house, erected in 1853, after a pattern taken from the outside of Cumberland county court house.

Mr. Burbank's estate managed was devoted to agriculture. He studied agriculture as a science. With the late Nathaniel T. True he organized in Bethel the "Farmers Club," infusing into the art of farming much of a scientific character and very much of a high order of verifiability at stated meetings of the members. The exact date of the first meeting is not at hand but it was soon after A. D. 1853, and the meetings were kept going for a period of 19 to 20 years, or till the organization of the "Orange" of which the "Farmers Club" political body that of Bethel, was the precursor. Mr. Burbank held the office of secretary of the time and at the date of the destruction by fire of the Burbank mansion house, in notice of which a paper appeared in the Maine Farmer of September 8, 1876, all the manuscript records and library of the club were lost, but a few newspaper reports are still showing that the "talks" of the meetings were both instructive and interesting, and compared with the present state of society, that local banks of

## MISS RUTH MASON WINS THE PIANO.

On Thursday, July 11th, the piano contest closed and while the contest was a success, and the Citizen has a good list of new subscribers, there is always a sadness as some have to be disappointed.

The contestants have worked with a will and the Citizen takes this opportunity to express its thanks for the good work done.

We would also express our appreciation of the cooperation of the merchants connected with the contest.

Mr. Fred E. Merrill, Dr. R. R. Tibbetts and Mr. B. F. Oster made the final count.

Miss Ruth Mason won the piano with a total of 659,325.

Miss Myrtle Becker, \$10 prize given by Ceylon Rowe with a total of 478,175.

Miss Marjorie Farwell, \$10 prize given by Irving L. Carver, with a total of 116,680.

Miss Laura Cummings, \$5 in gold given by Clarence Fox, with a total of 58,975.

Miss Emma Burke, \$5 mirror given by E. A. Smith, with a total of 34,075.

Miss Libbie Goodridge, \$5 bed hamper given by Elmer H. Young, with a total of 22,850.

Miss Alice Kimball, \$5 hat given by Miss L. M. Stearns, with a total of 13,550.

Miss Clifford Merrill, \$7 camera given by W. E. Bosserman, with a total of 11,025.

The other contestants have not yet made their selections.

One of the peculiar features of the contest was the fact that there were thirteen people in the contest and just thirteen prizes to be given so each one will receive something.

## THE LARGEST YOUNG WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

The largest Young Women's Conference ever held at Northfield is now in session. The Misses McMaster's School of Dobb's Ferry has the largest delegation with 66 girls. The Cathedral School of Washington, D. C., the Westover School, the Farmington School, and delegations from all the larger cities of the East and small groups from many other schools make up a total of over 600.

Men are tabooed on the campus, but the girls, not at all dismayed have organized two ball teams, which have already played a spectacular game, have held a most exciting track meet with singing and cheering galore, and are running off a tennis tournament. They devote all the morning to Bible and Mission study, and give up the afternoon to recreation. Rev. F. B. Meyer of London is at present giving a six day course on the application of the story of Exodus to modern life, and many other prominent speakers are present.

All the buildings are crowded, and Gould Hall which is being used for the first time this season, promises to be the most popular hall during the ten days. The conference is in August, when each speaker is given a platform, when each speaker is given a platform, when each speaker is given a platform.

Without going the conference continues during the month. As soon as the girls leave, the Women's Missionary Society take possession, which in turn are followed by the Home Mission conference and the Summer School for Sunday School Workers.

Important and possession of notes are a detriment rather than a gain in wealth and happiness. A comparison of the records of farm products of the former and present of Bethel and the present is indeed startling and furnish a theme for even Sunday school studies in more ways than one.

Mr. Burbank was town clerk in 1861, serving also as a Justice of the Peace; then he went to the Oxford County Jail, serving there as a clerk, then to the Portland custom house. Before me is a manuscript letter of his dated June 8, 1881, at the destruction by fire of the Burbank mansion house, in notice of which a paper appeared in the Maine Farmer of September 8, 1876, all the manuscript records and library of the club were lost, but a few newspaper reports are still showing that the "talks" of the meetings were both instructive and interesting, and compared with the present state of society, that local banks of

To be continued.

## RICH AND POOR.

"There's a difference in children."

"Yes, the poor man's children are more like the rich man's children."

## JOHN B. CHAPMAN.

In the death of Mr. John Brown Chapman, which occurred at his home, on Saturday, July 13th, we lose another member of one of Bethel's representative old families.

The son of the late Gilman and Mary Brown Chapman, he was born March 14, 1842. He received his education in the Bethel schools and in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. After leaving school he was for a time with his uncle, the late John B. Brown, of Portland. Returning to Bethel, he married July 28, 1867, Miss Caroline Kingsbury of Portland. The two were during all the years of their happy married life prominently in the social life of the village and their home was one of hospitality and good cheer. Mr. Chapman died May 19, 1907.

For a long time Mr. Chapman has been in delicate health. During the last three years of invalidism he has received from his sister, Miss Mary G. Chapman, a wholly ideal devotion and care, which has left nothing undone that could alleviate his suffering or minister to his comfort.

He was a man of marked ability in many directions; he possessed keen perceptions, strong convictions and a ready and trenchant wit. His long and painful illness has been borne with great fortitude, and during those shut-in years of suffering he has developed a rare and lovable patience which has deeply impressed those who have seen "his perfect work."

Mr. Chapman had an unusual love of flowers and to those who knew how much pleasure they had given him during his illness the wealth of beautiful flowers sent as a last mark of affection from his friends seemed a tribute particularly fitting.

Beside his sister he leaves one brother, Mr. Wm. Ladd Chapman, and four nieces and two nephews between whom and himself there had always been a strong bond of affection.

M. C. H.

## POINTERS FOR THE MOTOR IST.

It often happens, says the Michigan Tire Expert, that motorists travel on unmarked tires for considerable distances without knowing that such is the case. This is generally due to the fact that punctures are not always followed by sudden deflation, but frequently allow the air to escape very slowly.

A nail which has entered the tread of a tire will not generally penetrate to the inner tube until the wheel has made a number of revolutions. When it does pierce the tube the nail remains in the puncture, so that the tire would not be deflated for hours if the wheel were not in motion.

But with every turn of the wheel the nail as it is brought into contact with the ground moves more or less in its hole and allows a small amount of air to escape. It returns to its original position as soon as carried upward again. The escape of air is hardly noticeable at first, but very soon because the nail is moved about so repeatedly, the puncture enlarges and the escape of air becomes more apparent. This takes considerable time and to some cases out of ten the motorist will not notice that his tire is flat until he has traveled several miles.

Motorists who are far enough to do much damage, for when a car is traveling on a deflated tire both the tire and the car are literally chewed between the rim and the ground. When the tire is examined it is found that the walls of the envelope are strained and the canvas torn, while the inner tube, if it is repaired and inflated, will show a thousand almost invisible cuts.

## BASKET PICNIC.

The members of the Congregational Sunday School will have a basket picnic at Grove's Ranch, West Bethel, Thursday, July 23. A hay rack will leave the church at 9:30 A. M., and all those wishing to go will please be on hand at that time. Each one is requested to bring a drinking cup.

Those who prefer to go by train can leave here at 10:30 and return at 3:30. A good time is anticipated and it is hoped that old and young will endeavor to make it a pleasant occasion.

## A SMILE.

A wife's betrayal is a kind heart, a close and friend, an affectionate mother, a faithful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, and it beautifies the face of the deformed.

## PRATT REUNION.

On Sunday of last week the members of the Pratt family held their annual family reunion at the home of Hira J. Pratt, the oldest member of the family, in Turner. Early in the forenoon members from various parts of Turner and vicinity began to arrive and to meet each other again in true fellowship and good cheer. Old times were talked over and discussed with a good deal of merriment. Later dinner was served under the wide spreading trees in the yard and the tables fairly groaned with tempting viands of all kinds.

There were present at this time the whole five brothers of the family including Hira J. of Turner, Sarsen C. of Turner, T. Lloyd of Lewiston, Chas. C. of Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Eliza Pratt of Rumford. This made their family complete with one exception, that being a sister in Kenosha, who was unable to be present, but she, with several other members who were unable to take part in this annual celebration sent letters which were much appreciated by all present. The day was much enjoyed by each and every one and they all left hoping to see each other next year.

## SOUTH PARIS.

Rev. L. M. Robinson of Philadelphia and Miss Helen P. Robinson of Arlington Heights, Mass., have been the guests of Mrs. Esther Ryeason.

Mrs. H. H. Olden and children of Auburn have been the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Hopley, for a few days.

Guests at Geo. C. Fernald's are his mother, Mrs. Frank E. Fernald, and his sisters, Mary B. and Madeline E. Fernald, of Ellsworth Falls.

Stanley, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cummings, died Thursday at the age of 12 years. He had been an invalid all his life, with little hope of improvement. The whistle of the Paris Manufacturing Co.'s factory, which has been silent since the 3d, was heard again Monday morning, and the factory is again running.

A party of about fifteen were at the Park farm Saturday afternoon, when Mrs. Park and Miss Mason entertained. Mrs. Park's class in the Universalist Sunday School.

W. K. Holmes and family went to their camp at Shag Pond, Thursday, to remain probably for a month, and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Holmes will go some time this week for a stay of two weeks. Miss Mildred E. Kneen of Bethel was the guest of Miss Helen Robinson at Ryeason's, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Denison spent the past week with Mr. Denison's parents at West Bethel, where their sons, Harlan and Robert, have been most of the time since the close of school.

## BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. Everett Bucknell and daughter of Norway were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. to recently. Miss Bicknell is an officer in the Massachusetts Institute for the Blind.

C. M. Gray, H. G. Clement and Dr. H. P. Atwood with their families have been at the Atwood cottage at Buckfield this week.

The Messrs Shaw went to Canton Monday, where they will board for a few weeks.

Harvey Warren was at home from August 1st to Sunday.

Miss Barbara Chase of Brownville is visiting at the home of Benjamin Bucknell.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Dyer, Mrs. S. R. Harlow and Walter Record went to Buckland, Thursday morning by auto for a visit with Mrs. Helen Haskell.

Master Hubert of South Paris is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bucknell.

Hon. John B. Long and his son Pierce have been spending a few days at his home on the hill.

## RAINING THE WIND.

Somebody would gamble his last cent. That was his great weakness. He went home one evening after a bad day. He looked tired.

"Well," he said, "have you got anything to eat?"

"Yes, lots of things," she said.

"Well, cook up everything you've got—everything."

"Excellent! Are you that hungry?"

"I'm not hungry at all. I'm going to eat the stars!"—Kansas City Star.

## WEST PARIS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Stillwell and son, Edward, are visiting friends in New York.

Wirt McKenney of Boston and Miss Madge L. Tuell of Walpole, Mass., arrived Saturday and are visiting relatives here. Mr. McKenney is with his father, Frank P. McKenney at Ellsworth Falls, and Miss Tuell is with her aunt, Mrs. C. E. Chase and family. Gerald Swift has moved his family from Snows Falls to the farm formerly owned by Mrs. Swift's father, the late Moses Swan, on Greenwood street, where they will reside with Mrs. Swan.

Mrs. Jeanne Perham is at Portland, where she is receiving treatment for her hearing.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Morse of Bryant's Pond have rooms at Alfred Perham's for light housekeeping. Mr. Morse has work on the milk train.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Emerson of Auburn have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Penley. Mrs. Clara Riddle returned with them in their auto and will go to Benton, Maine, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Chandler of Brockton, Mass., were recent guests of their uncle, Mr. W. W. Donham and family.

Harry Rowe, a recent clerk in the store of G. A. Smith, was arrested at a camp near Locke's Mills, charged with stealing goods from the store, placed guilty to the charge. Rowe's father and brother furnished bonds for the sum of two hundred dollars for his appearance at the October term of court. The young man had been boarding at the Maple House, W. Paris, and about seventy dollars' worth of goods were found in his room and that of a hired woman at the hotel, who was also at the Locke's Mills camp with Rowe.

Miss Alice Welcome and friend of Waltham, Mass., have been guests at W. W. Donham's. Miss Welcome and her brother, Arthur, will remain for some time, but her friend returned.

C. H. Briggs is taking his annual fifteen days' vacation and his substitute, H. R. Tuell is carrying the mail. Miss Beulah Hatchinson of Bridgton has been visiting Mrs. Emma & W. Mann.

Miss Laura Barlow is assisting in the post office during Mrs. Dana Jackson's vacation. Mrs. Jackson is visiting friends at Milton.

## NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

Whereas Pauline Morningstar of the City, County, and State of New York, by her mortgage deed, dated the twenty-first day of June A. D. 1911, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, book 311, page 514, conveyed to William W. Hastings and Tor F. Hastings of Bethel, Oxford County, Maine, a certain lot or parcel of real estate situated in the town of Albany in said County of Oxford, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the south easterly corner of land formerly owned by H. C. Foster at an ash tree, thence S 20 degrees E nine rods to a stake and stones; thence S 30 degrees E 20 minutes E fourteen rods to a stake and stones; thence S 8 11 degrees W eight rods to a stake and stones; thence S 13 degrees W eleven rods to a stake and stones; thence S 37 degrees W nine rods to a stake and stones; thence N 33 degrees W thirteen rods to a stake and stones; thence S 39 degrees W forty four rods to a bunch of maples on the corner of Song's Pond; thence in a westerly direction along the shore of said pond to the southwest corner of the said Foster land; and thence along the line of said Foster land to the point of beginning, together with all rights of way, and including all the personal property in the building on said premises; and whereas the said William W. Hastings and the said Tor F. Hastings, by their deed of assignment, dated the eighteenth day of August, A. D. 1911, and recorded in said registry in book 285, page 493 conveyed to me, the undersigned, the above described premises; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken, Now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

JOSEPH E. DUKE.

Noted at Bethel, Maine.

July 16th, 1912.

"I'll eat the stars!"—Kansas City Star.

## WANT COLUMN.

Put your Want and Sale notices here and they will be read in 3,000 Oxford County homes—4 lines 1 week, 25c. 3 weeks 50c.

**CARRIAGES FOR SALE.**  
I have a few nice Concord wagons, beach wagons and buggies, which I will sell at nearly wholesale prices. Please call and see them and get prices if desiring to buy.  
J. C. BILLINGS,  
Bethel, Maine.

**FOR SALE—A 5-passenger Jackson** automobile. All new tires and in good condition. This car is going for a bargain. Speak quick.  
E. C. BOWLER,  
Bethel, Maine.

**HUP RUNABOUT** for sale at a bargain. In first class condition. Inquire of E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Maine.

**CANADIAN** unbleached hardwood ashes the best fertilizers on earth, car lots bulk, twelve dollars; sacked, thirteen dollars, sixty cents per ton delivered. George Stevens, Peterborough, Ontario, Canada.  
5-1-12-1 yr.

**FARM FOR SALE**—Situated within one mile of So. Paris village, 100 acres; cuts forty tons of hay, excellent pasture; buildings in first class condition; running spring water in house and barn. Farm easy to handle and under good state of cultivation. Inquire of  
E. E. CHAPMAN,  
So. Paris, Maine.

**FOR SALE**—3 room, 1 1/2 story house, barn connected, on High Street in Bethel village. Inquire of  
H. H. BROWN,  
Bethel, Maine.

**E. S. KILGORE,**  
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,  
GENERAL JOBBING.  
Box 324,  
5-1-12-1 yr.

**BERRY PICKERS WANTED.** I want a large number of girls and women to pick raspberries. The season commences about July 25th. A good crop of large berries seems practically assured. I pay three cents per quart for picking. Board furnished at a very low price to all good help, who stay until the end of the season.  
HOWARD F. MAXIM,  
Locke's Mills, Me.

**FOUR CHERRIES**—I am looking for cherries and shall commence shipping them about July 10th. Orders will be filled in the same order in which they are received. Order early if you want to be sure of your cherries as I seldom have enough to fill all orders. Many customers order nearly a year in advance.  
33 qt. crate, \$3.00. 2 crates, \$6.00  
48 qt. crate \$1.75. 2 crates, \$3.50  
P. O. B. Locke's Mills.

**HOWARD F. MAXIM,**  
Locke's Mills, Me.

**FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET**—In Hallowell. For particulars inquire of E. O. HATFIELD Hallowell, Me., or Mrs. J. L. BRAGG, Erol, N. H.

**FOR SALE**—One good new milk cow, also some young pigs at  
E. H. LOVEJOY'S,  
East Andover, Me.

**LADIES**—Make \$3 to \$5 Daily Selling Dress Goods, Skirts and Handkerchiefs. Free Outline. No capital required.  
MUTUAL FABRIC CO.,  
Dept. 709,  
7-1-12-1 yr.

**ONE SMITH PREMIER TYPE** WRITER for sale at a bargain. Inquire at the  
CITIZEN OFFICE,  
Bethel, Maine.

**YOUNG LADY WANTED**—To learn to operate a typewriting machine. Steady work and good pay. Must have fairly good education and be able to furnish satisfactory references. Address  
CITIZEN OFFICE,  
Bethel, Maine.







## Flour for Every Baking Need

Bread, cake and pastry better than ever before, reward the cook who uses William Tell Flour.

Milled from Ohio Red Winter Wheat by our own special process, it is richest in nutritive qualities and goes farther than most flours.

More loaves to the barrel means big economy. Remember and order a barrel today.

### William Tell Flour

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

Pleasant Reveries—A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

### FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When laying new matting cut each width six inches longer than necessary. Then ravel the ends and tie the cords together. When the matting is taken up to be cleaned it cannot ravel out annoyingly, and there is no waste.

A fresh mildew spot needs lemon juice and exposure to the sun. If it is an old spot, dissolve a tablespoonful of water and soak the fabric in this until the mildew has disappeared. Then expose to the sun.

To remove coffee stains mix the yolk of one egg with a little warm milk, warm water, and use it as soap on the stain by rubbing it well. Blase and dry. For stains that have been on the material for some time add a few drops of alcohol to the egg and water.

To remove iron rust from muslin or white goods, thoroughly saturate the spots with lemon juice and salt and expose to the sun. Usually more than one application is necessary to prevent its reappearance. Enclose in a muslin bag when being boiled.

When making eyelid embroidery it is a good plan to rub white soap on the cloth first. Hold a piece of soap under the material and allow the stiletto to pass through it. The soap gives a slight stiffness to the cloth and a much better eye can be made.

To restore scorched linen slice two onions and extract the juice, to which add one-half ounce of white soap, two ounces of fuller's earth and one-half pint of vinegar; boil well and spread it over scorched places, leaving it to dry on the article. Rinse well and dry.

**A DRAMA IN THE SUBWAY.**  
A subway train was leaving Grand Central Station with its usual five o'clock load. In a corner by the door sat a man, whose worn clothes and shabby shoes were whitened with the lime he worked in. His face was lean and marked with tired lines, and his hands, joint-swollen and blunted, hung wearily between his knees. A large

woman, bejeweled and plumed entered the car with a rustle of skirts and a jingle of finery that attracted all eyes. Swaying uncertainly on her high heels as she made for the only empty seat, she was thrown from her balance by a sudden lurch of the train, and only the laborer's promptly outstretched arm saved her from an ignominious fall.

She straightened herself with what grace she could, and turned with a smile to the man who had rescued her. A glance at the workman, however, made her expression change to one of disdain. With a perceptible sniff, she ostentatiously brushed her gown where it had come in contact with the man's hand, and sank into the seat. Looking as if he had received a blow in the face, he shrank back, and dropped his eyes in confusion.

Across the car, watching the little episode, sat a lady with a sleepy child in her arms. The little girl, perhaps three years old, was dressed in spotless white, from her dainty kid shoes to the deep-frilled bonnet that framed her rosy face. When the guard called Seventy-Second Street, the man slowly rose, and the lady opposite stood up with the child still in her arms. Touching the man's arm, she said, with a smile:

"Will you not be kind enough to carry my baby up the stairs? She is too sleepy to walk, and very heavy for me to lift."

The man straightened himself, and with face alight, carefully took the little white-clad form in his arms and led the way up the stairs. Passers-by stared curiously at the trio, but there was no consciousness of that in the woman's gracious "Thank you! That was a great help."

As the mother and child passed on, the man lifted his battered hat, and turned homeward with a buoyant step. Youth's Companion.

### FRIGHTFUL POLAR WINDS

blow with terrific force at the far north and play havoc with the skin, causing red, rough or sore chapped hands and lips, that need Bucklen's Arnica Salve to heal them. It makes the skin soft and smooth. Unrivalled for cold sores, also burns, boils, sores, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. Only 25 cents at H. B. Pashard's of Bethel, Chas. Forslund, Nathan Reynolds' of Canton; H. J. Reynolds' of Ridgeway; C. A. Gardiner's of Dixfield.

### A SUSTAINING DIET.

These are the enervating days, when as somebody has said, men drop by the roadside as if the Day of Wrath had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained, and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is seen as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic—say, a sustaining diet. It makes a much easier to bear the heat, increases refreshing sleep, and with out any doubt averts much sickness at this time of year.

**Stomach Pains**  
DR. KING'S New Life Pills  
C. E. Baskin, Bethel, Me.  
25 CENTS PER BOTTLE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

## CANTON

Mrs. L. H. Jack of Woodfords is a guest of her sister, Mrs. W. B. Gilbert and family, of Canton.

Mrs. Josephine Russell of No. Abington, Mass., widow of the late Henry B. Russell, is visiting Mrs. C. F. Oldham and family.

Mrs. Edna Briggs visited relatives in Livermore, Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Brock of West Hanover and Mrs. Lovejoy of Malden, Mass., are guests of Mrs. Emory Parsons and family.

Bert Hawes of Livermore Falls is visiting Maurice Hawes and family.

Mrs. Minnie Glover and three children of Andover have been guests of her parents, C. W. Walker and wife.

George Paddy of Brockton, Mass., has been visiting at his old home in Canton, and was the guest of his uncle, W. A. Lucas and wife.

Marcello Neiva of Boston has been spending a week at the home of Marco Lavorgna.

Mrs. George Bryant and children of Gorham, N. H., are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Fletcher and family.

Miss Mary N. Richardson has returned home from Boston for the summer vacation.

Miss Imogene Barnham and niece, Miss Edith Barnham of Boston are visiting their sister and aunt, Mrs. C. H. Gilbert.

J. K. Forhan, John Seavey and A. F. Russell, Sr., have each purchased autos.

Mrs. Herbert Tilton of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting Miss Alice H. Nulty.

Mrs. W. H. Bisp and two children, William and John, of Jersey City, N. J., are boarding with Mrs. A. L. Hobbs.

Mr. Bisp has gone to Auburn.

Clementine Crockett of Portland is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Thomas and family of No. Hartford.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Jordan of Portland, July 15th.

Mrs. Jordan was formerly Miss Florence Newman of Canton.

Mrs. C. E. Richardson and children have returned from an extended visit in Massachusetts.

Mrs. A. E. Johnson was in Lewiston, Saturday.

Mrs. Maurice Howes and Miss Sadie Ingersoll were at Rumford, Monday.

Sybil and Hazel Hutchinson and Ethel Russell have been attending a summer school at Farmington.

Mrs. H. E. Benton and son, Leol, of Sumford, Ct., Miss Margaret Boucher of Cambridge, Mass., and the Misses Amy, Mildred and Helen Shaw of Bedford are boarding at C. E. Merrill's.

Miss Hannah Leighton passed away last week at Hartford at the advanced age of 92 years. Miss Leighton was the last of a large family, and had spent the most of her life in Canton and Hartford.

Mary Daniels of New York is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Esther Hayford and family.

Mrs. W. S. Ingersoll of Wintrop has been a guest of relatives in town.

Mrs. N. Reynolds returned from Ocean Park, Saturday, where she has been enjoying an outing of a few weeks. On the 9th of July she received a beautiful shower of cards from her many friends, for which she wishes to extend thanks. We are pleased to report that she is much improved in health.

Harry Murphy of Lawrence, Mass., is at the Burgess bungalow for an outing.

Mrs. Hattie J. Grover of Waltham, Mass., is a guest of Mrs. C. E. Richardson and family.

The next meeting of the Lucky Friday Club will be with L. L. Harmon and wife.

Ray and Esle Wentzel of Livermore Falls and Miss Nina Wentzel of Nova Scotia were recent callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Howes.

Mrs. C. R. Sweet and children are visiting relatives in Somersworth, N. H.

Dr. Coates and wife of Livermore Falls were visitors at the home of Mrs. A. L. Hobbs last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Capelli of Somersworth, N. H., who have been guests of Mrs. C. H. Sweet and family, have returned home.

**\$100 FREE PLAZA**  
was paid at a banquet to Henry Clay in New Orleans in 1812. Mighty energy for those with stomach troubles or indigestion. Today people everywhere use Dr. King's New Life Pills for these troubles as well as liver, kidney and bowel disorders. Easy, safe, sure. Only 25 cents at H. B. Pashard's of Bethel; Chas. Forslund, Nathan Reynolds' of Canton; H. J. Reynolds' of Ridgeway; C. A. Gardiner's of Dixfield.

Exaggerated Father "Good morning, son of Satan."  
Scraggy-faced Son "Good morning, father."

**WEAR RUBBERS**

## CODLING MOTH DESTRUCTIVE INSECT IN APPLE ORCHARDS

With Possible Exception of San Jose Scale It Causes More Damage Than Any Other Pest—Everything Should be Gotten in Readiness for First Spraying in the Spring.

(By J. B. BUCK, Virginia.)

With the possible exception of the San Jose scale the codling moth is the most destructive insect with which our orchardists have to contend.

These worm pests, which leave the apples in late summer and fall, hide and spin cocoons under bark scales, in rubbish about trees, in decayed places on the tree, and about apple bins and storage houses. In these cocoons they pass the winter.

In the spring, as the days begin to get warm, the worm changes to a "pupa" inside the cocoon and soon the pupa changes to a moth, which splits the case and crawls out.

It seems quite generally true that the temperature conditions governing the blooming of apple trees also govern the appearance of the moths in the spring. The habit of the moth furnishes the very best opportunity of combating it. After the petals fall from the bloom, for a period of a week or ten days, the calyx cavity remains more or less open, and the young apples more or less upright.

As 75 per cent. or more of these first worms enter the young apples at the calyx, or "blossom end," this furnishes an excellent opportunity for filling the calyx cups with poisonous spray, so that when the young worms endeavor to eat their way into the apple they are killed by the poison.

This first application of spray should be made inside of a week after the petals fall from the bloom. Everything should be gotten in readiness for this first spraying for it is certainly the most important of all the sprayings. It being possible to kill over 95 per cent. of the worms by one thorough application of arsenate of lead at this time. A second applica-

tion of spray should be made two to three weeks later to supplement the first.

Either Paris green or arsenate of lead can be applied in Bordeaux mixture. The arsenate of lead can be

applied simply in water, without any danger to fruit or foliage. Paris green can also be applied in water, but unless used in Bordeaux 2 pounds of lime should be added and added to each 50 gallons of spray to prevent possible damage to fruit and foliage.

Six to eight ounces of Paris green should be used to each 50 gallons of spray. In using arsenate of lead 2 pounds to 50 gallons of spray, in mist sprays, has given us the best results. In mist sprays about 3 gallons were sprayed on each tree (nine-year-old trees of fair size). Some trees were ten to twelve years old. One and one-fourth pounds of arsenate of lead gave splendid results in drench sprays with high pressure. In drench

entire crop of eight black twig trees, net sprayed, sound, 49 apples on left; scabby, 1039 in pile on right.

entire crop of seven black twig trees sprayed six times, sound, 1032 apples in pile on left; scabby, 93 in pile on right.

It is a mistake not to feed the liquid before the solid food. It is a mistake to feed constipating food and do nothing to correct it. It is a mistake to feed breeding stuff as if you were fitting it for the market.

It is a mistake to feed all sizes together whenever the smaller ones are at a disadvantage. It is a mistake not to provide the herd with comfortable quarters at all times. Failure in this will impair the usefulness of the feed.

It is a mistake not to grow the pigs rapidly from birth to market. They should gain every pound possible on the way.

It is a mistake to feed the brood sow corn before farrowing time. She should have cooling and laxative food for some days after farrowing.

It is a mistake to feed the pigs sour milk when they are learning to eat.

It is a mistake to fail to feed pigs bone and muscle making material during their growth.

Feeding Calves.  
We know an Indiana farmer who choked two fine calves to death by feeding them dry corn before he made up his mind his youngsters would do better on something else.

It is a mistake to forget that the hog is a grazing animal.

It is a mistake if the hog is not fed in a clean place free from dust and mud.

It is a mistake to overlook or neglect the hog.

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# MY LADY OF THE NORTH

I wondered how long our supply of ammunition would hold out with such a fusillade kept up, but ventured upon no protest, for I was already groping my way through the darkness along the inner wall. Furniture lay overturned in every direction, and I experienced considerable difficulty in making progress through the debris without attracting attention. A great square piano stood directly across the entrance to the back parlor, left by the drawing nearly together of the sliding doors. I waited until Bradley had crawled through with an armful of loaded guns, and then entered also, creeping silently between the piano legs. As I did so a bullet struck the case above, and the whole instrument trembled to the impact, giving forth a strange moan, as if in pain.

Some one was groaning in the corner at my left, and supposing the wounded to be lying there, I turned more toward the right, keeping as close as possible to the wall, hoping I might come in contact with one of the women. I do not honestly know why I did this—really I had no excuse, except my natural distrust of Brennan, coupled with an eager desire to be of service to the woman of my heart. There was little to guide me in the search, as the flame of the discharging rifles did not penetrate here. Once I heard the rustle of a skirt, while a faint sound of whispering reached me from the rear of the room. Then my hand, groping blindly along the wall, touched the lower fold of a dress. It felt like coarse calico to my fingers.

"Mrs. Bangs," I whispered cautiously, "is this you?"

The woman started at sound of my voice, but replied in the same low tone: "That's my name; who might you be?"

"A friend of yours, and of your husband," I answered, for I doubted if she would recall my name. "Did you know Jed was here?"

"My man? Haven't he been? But I'll knock their heads off their little devil if ever I get my hands on him, I will that. What's their little imp bin all their time?"

"Hunting for you, and crying his eyes out," I answered, smiling to myself in the darkness. "Where is Mrs. Brennan?"

"Just beyond me, that in their corner."

As she spoke a bullet whizzed past us, having missed the obstruction of the piano. I could feel the wind stirred by its passage, while its peculiar hum told me it was a Minie ball.

"You are too far out from the wall," I protested. "You are in range."

"Can't help it if I be. I'm yere ter take the guns from their soldier, an' pass 'em back."

I crept slowly along beyond her, keeping close to the wall, but had progressed hardly more than a couple of yards, when I felt a hand lightly touch me.

"I recognize your voice," said a soft whisper, "and am so glad you are here."

Who can guess the motives that inspired a woman? This was my welcome, where I had anticipated coldness and repellant pride.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

A Conversation in the Dark. In my extreme surprise at the intimate cordiality expressed by her words and manner I failed to utterance. Anticipating coldness, indifference, possibly even resentment at my presuming to approach her, I was instead greeted by an unstudied warmth of welcome that made my heart beat fiercely.

"Surely I am not mistaken," she questioned, rendered doubtful by my silence. "Is not this Captain Wayne?"

"There is no mistake," I hastened to assure her. "But I had anticipated from our last meeting a far less cordial greeting."

"Oh," she exclaimed, with a light laugh, "and is that all? Yet surely, if I was to believe my own eyes I was perfectly justified in my actions then. However, Captain, I have been forced to realize the truth of that situation, and am now disposed to make up to you in kindness for all my unjust suspicions."

"I am more than delighted to learn that cloud is no longer to overshadow us. Miss Minor has made a full explanation, then?"

"You have been completely exonerated, and returned to my good graces."

As she spoke, I became aware that she was busily engaged upon some task, and when she ended I felt the

steel of a gun-barrel touch my hand. "Please pass this to Maria," she said calmly, "and hand me back the one she has."

"You are loading, then?" I asked, as I complied with her request. "We have all been busy. Isn't it terrible? I was so frightened at first, but now they tell me that you and your men have come, there is no longer danger of those horrible creatures getting in here."

"You knew, then, that I was in the house?"

"I was told some noble Confederates accompanied Lieutenant Caton back to aid us, but your name was not mentioned."

"Then my appearance must have proven a complete surprise?"

"Yes, and no," she answered frankly. "I was not sure it was you, of course, and I did not venture to ask, but I knew you were in the neighborhood, and that such an act would be in a way characteristic. I was certain you would come if you knew, and I, well really, I hoped it was."

In spite of a slight effort at restraint I groped in the darkness until I touched her hand. For the moment she permitted me to retain it, as if unconsciously, within my grasp.

"Why?" I questioned, scarcely relying upon my own voice.

"Oh, one always trusts friends more readily than strangers, and I have seen you in danger before, and possess such confidence in your courage and resource."

"But Miss Minor took particular care to inform me you felt little or no interest in me—that you never even spoke of me except as she compelled you to do so."

For a moment she did not answer.

"How constant the firing continues," she said at last, as I sat struggling dumbly with temptation.

"A more waste of powder, I fear," was my reply, given thoughtlessly.

"When the rush finally comes we are likely to be without sufficient ammunition to repel it. I hardly expect those fellows out there will ever leave without a determined effort to carry the house by storm. I have no doubt they are simply drawing all this fire in the hope that our ammunition will thus be needlessly expended. It is an old army trick, and one I am surprised to see so inexperienced an officer as Major Brennan yield to. In my judgment they will make an effort to rush us as soon as there is sufficient light."

"But why not warn him?"

"Major Brennan would scarcely welcome any interference on my part."

"But surely, as a soldier, he must value the advice of another soldier?"

"Possibly you forget," I explained, striving to speak as lightly of it as might be, "that there is a lack of friendship between Major Brennan and myself."

"Bili!" she asked. "Truly I thought that might all be over. Even if it survived until now, this noble act of yours in coming to our defense should have earned you his gratitude. He has never once mentioned your name to me since that night."

"Not even when I came here with my troop, I believe?"

"No; yet I did not connect that fact with the other. I supposed it a mere oversight, or that he believed the mention of your name would not greatly interest me. Surely, Captain Wayne, you are not keeping open this unhappy wound?"

"On my word, no; but I regret to confess it is very far from being closed."

"He—Major Brennan does not know, then, that you are here now with me?"

She evidently hesitated to ask this question.

"Certainly not," I surprised at her apparent innocence. "You cannot have supposed I had been sent here by him to talk with you?"

"I did not know," I do not think I realized," she stammered, vainly seeking for words with which to make clear her bewilderment. "I imagined you might have come at his suggestion to see that we were amply protected. This is all so very strange. He does not even know you are here with us?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I have no excuse even for being here at all. My duty as a soldier is certainly elsewhere, but I could not rest content until I knew you were in a position of safety. Believe me, Mrs. Brennan, I have intended no interference, but I was informed by a soldier that you were being held here under fire."

Her hand touched mine impulsively, and it was warm and thrilling.

"I can merely thank you with all my heart, Captain Wayne, and assure you I both understand and appreciate your purpose. But truly I do not wish any trouble to come again—you will go back to your post, will you not? You can serve me best in that way, and retain the gratitude and admiration I have ever felt for you."

"At once, Mrs. Brennan," I returned earnestly. "I realize I have done wrong in ever coming here as I have. It is my first act of disobedience to orders in all my military life. But tell me first that I have forfeited neither your confidence nor your friendship."

She paused a moment, then added quietly, as though in sudden rush of feeling: "No friend stands higher in my esteem than you—now please go, Captain Wayne."

As I crept back through the darkness, passing beneath the piano into the front room, which was filled with the choking fumes of powder, my mind was a chaos of emotions impossible to analyze. The very depth of love which drew me to her operated now in restraint. God alone knows the struggle in the darkness as I continued to move slowly away from her and toward the door. So deep was my agitation, so intense my thought, that I scarcely realized I was creeping along barely beneath the dead line of those bullets which constantly swept the apartment. Their crashing into the wall was almost meaningless, and I barely noted either the dense smoke or the fitful flashes of flame as the little garrison returned shot for shot. It was Brennan's voice—how hateful it sounded then—which recalled my attention.

"Mapes," he said, with the sharp tone of wearied command, "take a crack at that fellow over yonder by the big tree; he must be in range. You men, I verily believe, shut your eyes when you shoot, for there hasn't a man dropped out there in the last half hour."

I had reached the door by this time, but paused now, determined to venture one word of expostulation at his recklessness.

"Major Brennan," I said, speaking sufficiently loud to be audible above the uproar, "do you not think they will attempt to charge the house?"

"Not while we keep up this fire," he returned coldly, evidently recognizing my voice.

"I grant that, at least while darkness lasts. But you have just complained that your men were doing but small execution, and is there not danger of exhausting our stock of ammunition by such a useless fusillade?"

"It will last until our fellows get here—that is, if your men was ever really sent for aid, as you say."

There was a thinly veiled sneer in the words as he spoke them, but I curbed my temper.

"Well, in my judgment, sir—and I tell it you because I deem it a duty—I retorted plainly, "you are making a grave mistake which you may realize when it becomes too late to rectify it. Possibly I have no right to criticize one who is technically in command, yet I am serving as a volunteer, and the conditions are peculiar. I not only remember the scene witnessed by me in the lines yonder, but also recall the fact that we are here to fulfil a sacred duty—the defense of helpless women from outrage. A fatal mistake upon our part would be horrible."

"Very well, sir"—and his tone was rough and overbearing—"then kindly recall your soldierly instincts to another little matter. I chance to command here by authority of rank, and hold myself responsible for the proper defense of this portion of the house. I believe you have already been assigned your duties; if you will attend to them I shall be greatly obliged, and whenever I shall take pleasure in sending for you."

I turned away in silence and strode back to my post, white with anger. The dining room remained as I had left it, and when I lay down, in my old position and peered out through the broken blind I could mark no change in the appearance of our besiegers.

"Dresses worth \$3.00 selling now at

\$1.98

Another Lot of Wash Dresses at 98c

These are last season's styles and have been selling at \$3.98. Splendidly made and finished. Just the thing for home wear for mornings or afternoons. Dresses of sheer, beautiful lawns in dainty floral patterns, sizes 34, 36 and 38.

88c each Think of it!

## Clearance Sales All This Month

July is our month of Clearance Sales. It is now we clean house. Short lengths, broken lines and odd lots are now closed out at very much reduced prices, and large lots are reduced in quantity by being marked at reduced prices.

At no time during the season are money-savings more numerous. Customers are coming in from all points to attend these sales—why don't you come, too? It will surely pay you to do so!

Sales now going on.

Dress Goods and Silks.

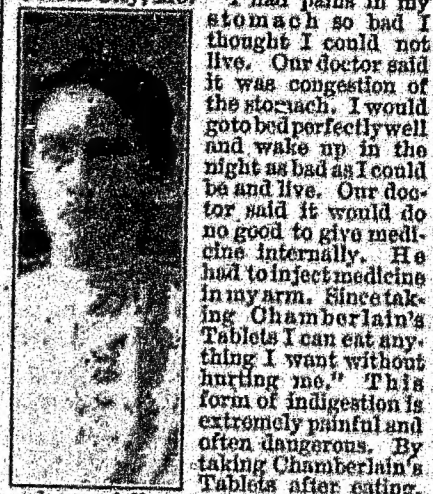
Curtains and Drapery Materials.

ORTEOUS, MITCHELL & BRAUN CO.,

222 CONGRESS STREET  
PORTLAND, MAINE

## Attacks of Indigestion

"I believe Chamberlain's Tablets have saved my life," writes Mrs. Maggie Coll, Golden City, Mo. "I had pains in my stomach so bad I thought I could not live. Our doctor said it was congestion of the stomach. I would go to bed perfectly well and wake up in the night as bad as I could be and live. Our doctor said it would do no good to give medicine internally. He had to inject medicine in my arm. Since taking Chamberlain's Tablets I can eat anything I want without hurting me." This form of indigestion is extremely painful and often dangerous. By taking Chamberlain's Tablets after eating, and especially when you have fullness and weight in the stomach after eating, the disease may be ward off and avoided. Chamberlain's Tablets not only aid digestion, but strengthen and invigorate the stomach.



Elloquence Not Always Persuasion. "Elloquence," said Uncle Eben, "is liable to deceive de wun dat has it. He 'casionally 'magines folks is agreein' wif 'im when dey's only keepin' quiet for fear of spillin' a party talk."

THE HUNTER. The man who loses hope is not likely to find appreciation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

GRAND TRUNK Current Time Table. Effective June 23, 1912. EAST BOUND.

Stations.	No. 4 Daily	No. 6 Ex. Sun. A.M.	No. 2 Daily P.M.
Berlin, leave	3:41	8:01	2:43
Gotham	3:55	8:17	2:56
West Bethel	4:27	8:47	3:25
BETHEL	4:37	8:57	3:35
Locke's Mills		9:05	3:40
Bryant's Pond	4:55	9:13	3:47
South Paris	5:25	9:45	4:14
Lewiston, arrive	6:20	10:50	5:15
Portland	6:20	11:45	6:00

WEST BOUND.

Stations.	No. 3 Daily	No. 5 Ex. Sun. A.M.	No. 1 Daily P.M.
Portland, leave	7:55	1:30	8:30
Lewiston	8:45	2:20	9:25
South Paris	9:45	3:35	9:57
Bryant's Pond	10:19	4:10	10:44
Locke's Mills	10:57	4:20	10:54
BETHEL	10:55	4:39	11:04
West Bethel	11:43	4:59	11:13
Gotham	11:57	5:18	11:54
Berlin	11:50	5:34	12:07

For fares, time tables, maps and reliable information, write

F. E. PURINGTON,

Agent, G. T. Ry.,

Bethel, Me.

## Electric Bitters

Made A New Man Of Him. "I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. A. Alston, Haight, N. C. "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUGS.

WEAR HUBBARD'S WATER

On the Up Grade. Women have taken up flying. Now watch the aviation skirt replace the Pettie and the harem. They're getting nearer to trousers every day.

Good Health Almost Everything. If you have good health you have almost everything that nature has ever given to any man.

The Rule of Safety. If you would be content, never borrow nor lend; this refers to trouble and money—Pack.

Aluminum Wall Paper. Very thin sheets of the metal aluminum are now used for wall-covering in place of paper.

Epitaph Worth Striving For. His heart was as great as the world, but there was so room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—Emerson.

Table Talk. "The more I see of men, the more I like dogs," declared the vaudeville leader. "Have some sausage, Mr. Wombat," suggested the landlady.—Washington Herald.

Safe Well Guarded. A remarkable new safe lock has been invented. It is provided with phonographic mechanism, so that it can be opened only by the voice of the owner. A mouthpiece like that of a telephone takes the place of a knob on the door, and this is provided with the usual style or needle, which travels in a groove in the sound record of the phonograph cylinder. Before the safe can be unlocked the password must be spoken into the original cylinder by the one who made the original record.

## ASK ANY HORSE

Euroka Harness Oil Mica Axle Grease  
Sold by standard everywhere  
Standard Oil Co. of New York



